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**HOW TO CALL TIMES-DISPATCH.**  
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**TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1907.**

**The poorest mortal worshipping his fetish, while his heart is full of it, may be an object of pity, of contempt, and of ridicule. If you will, but cannot surely be an object of hatred.—Carlyle.**

**RICHMOND'S CONTRIBUTION TO EDUCATION.**

Norfolk's complaint that Richmond received, under the apportionment of the State Board of Education, more than her share of the special appropriation for public schools was based upon a clerical error. This had already been detected and the corrected list certified to the authorities when the complaint came.  
There is no ground for complaint against Richmond. She gets only her lawful share of the special fund, and she does not receive from the general school apportionment as much as she pays in, by many thousands dollars. The revenues for school purposes, collected from each county or city on account of the capitation tax and the school tax on real and personal property, are paid into the general school fund of the State and then apportioned among the several counties and cities according to the school population of each.  
In 1906 Richmond paid into this fund the net sum of \$79,017.12. She received from that fund the sum of \$32,511.02.  
In addition to the general school fund the State makes a special appropriation of \$100,000 to the public schools, out of which Richmond received in 1906 \$12,822.52. She contributed to this special fund at least as much as she drew out. In fact, her contribution, according to her usual proportion, was nearer \$40,000 than \$12,000. But taking the most conservative view, her account for 1906 stood as follows:  
Paid the State for public education ..... \$52,839.64  
Received from the State ..... 45,433.55  
Balance in State's favor ..... \$7,406.09  
It appears, therefore, that Richmond's net contribution in 1906 to the public education of children outside her own borders was more than \$37,000, to say nothing of private gifts to educational work and educational institutions. That, it strikes us, is not a bad exhibit, even for the capital of the State and the centre of educational activities.

**WHEN "THE STARS FELL."**

November 13th was the seventy-fourth anniversary of the great meteoric shower of 1833, and the Huntsville (Ala.) Democrat copies from its files of that year a description of the phenomenon as published in the Richmond Enquirer. According to the Enquirer's report, "a few shooting stars were seen from 11 to 12 o'clock, but it was about three hours before day broke that the number exceeded all calculation and their brilliancy surpassed all description."  
The Enquirer gives its own account of the spectacle, but appends the following from Mr. Alfred Duxce:  
"Having been an eyewitness to the grand and beautiful phenomenon of the great meteoric shower of 1833, I cannot but feel that you must have been a partial and incompetent description of the sublime and imposing scene. About 1 o'clock the bright gleam of an occasional rocket startled my horse and surprised me by its white and silvery light. Beautiful lights then continually augmented reminded me of the gradual accumulating process of a snowstorm, till all the heavens seemed emitting a shower of brilliant silver fire. No comparison or illumination could then compare with this display of the beautiful, sublime, myriads of small rockets were descending in every point of the compass, with the frequent very large and luminous ones striking the ground with a white and slowly fading blaze, reminding the wondering beholder of the lightning's flash, though not so transient or vivid. This scene continued until daylight precluded the possibility of tracing it."  
This display caused the astronomers of the day to give special attention to the subject of meteoric showers. Professor Denison Olmsted, of Yale, announced that what had occurred was an encounter with a vast swarm of meteors moving around the sun. Other theories were advanced from time to time, but it was not until 1861, when Professor Hubert A. Newton, of Yale, took up the inquiry, that the final solution of the problem was begun. That gentleman demonstrated that ever since the tenth century there had been recurrent showers of meteors in the autumn at an average interval of 33 1/4 years. Sometimes the interval was thirty-four years and sometimes only thirty-two years or less, but the mean was 33 1/4. Upon this basis

he predicted a return of the brilliant visitors in 1866 or 1867. As it turned out, there was a notable shower of meteors in 1866, followed by a second display the following year, but in neither case equal to the shower of 1833. According to those calculations, another shower was due in 1899 or 1900, and while there were some meteors in those years, there was nothing approaching a "shower." This "disappointment" had been foreshadowed, however, by two other astronomers who had calculated the perturbative effect of Jupiter and Saturn upon the swarm, the action of these planets having been particularly effective after 1867, and had pointed out that the result must have been a swerving inward of the meteoric orbit, so that it could no longer intersect the earth's orbit at the old meeting point.  
So it will be seen that planets, as well as meteors, have a disagreeable habit of butting in. Of course there was no way of punishing them for spoiling the show, but science exposed them for a pair of contemptible meddlers.  
Many amusing anecdotes are told in connection with the shower of 1833, one of the best of which is related by a well-known member of the Virginia Senate. It follows: A negro slave was standing by the side of his master watching the display, and was asked if he was frightened. He confessed to more or less weakness in the knees, but added: "I got my eye set on de Norf star, an' I reckon it's all right long as he stans; but when he draps, dis nigger gwine prayin' sho nuff."

**SUNDAY READING.**

A writer in the London Tribune reminisces interestingly about the old-fashioned Sabbath, and more particularly about the literature with which well-conducted people edified themselves on the Sundays of long ago. Secular reading-matter was banished from sight on the Lord's days of those times. Volumes of sermons, missionary magazines and a periodical entitled "Sunday at Home" replaced them. "Pilgrim's Progress" was, of course, in great demand. Such story-books as were permitted to the youthful at all had to do exclusively with extraordinary young persons who lived piously and expired prematurely. An extremely popular story of this sanctioned kind was "Little Henry and His Bear," which was the life-story of "a good little white boy, who told the poor black man about God," and who, of course, died very young. "Examples for Youth" had a great vogue. So did "Pity Promoted." And Dr. Watts' "Divine and Moral Songs for the Use of Children," containing "Solemn Thoughts on God and Death," "Examples of Early Piety," "Against Lying," "Against Idleness and Mischief," "Against Pride in Clothes," and sundry others—also enjoyed an immense patronage. A verse from one of these "moral songs" runs:  
My God, I hate to walk or dwell  
With sinful children here;  
Then let me not be seen to go in,  
Where none but sinners are.  
The old days which this writer is calling back were English days; but they were perfectly reproduced in this country. They have disappeared from both countries now. We do not read the "Divine and Moral Songs" on Sundays any more. Possibly this, in itself, is no great loss, but evidences are not wanting that the tide which ebbed from Dr. Watts has traveled too far in the other direction. Perhaps the South has responded less than other sections of the country to the temptations of a "continental Sunday," but even here the more rigid manifestations of Sabbath-keeping have largely vanished. Mothers who were themselves brought up on a Sunday diet of Baxter's "Saints Rest" and the Southern Churchman permit their children to grow up to a far laxer observation of the day. John Bunyan may or may not be ideal Sabbath reading for the young, but there can be no doubt that Miss Marie Corelli.

**RALLY FOR EDUCATION.**

The rally to be held in the city of Roanoke this week will mark another step forward in educational progress in Virginia. The rally will be held under the general direction of the Virginia Education Commission, but there will be a conference of teachers, a conference of school superintendents and a conference of school trustees and county supervisors, at each of which matters relating to public education will be discussed.  
There will also be a general conference, in which distinguished educators from Virginia and other States, will make addresses on educational topics, one of the questions to be considered being that of compulsory education, with local option features. We hope that the conference will commit itself definitely to this measure. Virginia is not ready for a compulsory law applying to the entire State, but there are some counties that are ready for it, and they should be allowed to settle the matter for themselves. What is the objection? If one county or school district desires to compel the children to attend school, why should other counties oppose? Local option is good Democratic doctrine, and it should apply to education as well as to the liquor traffic. We should like to see the experiment tried in Virginia.

**A Champion of Texas.**

Sir—Several friends join me in the wish and request that your paragraph which let out on Texas in general and the Houston Post in particular during the Christmas holiday, this true and suggested and requested party on the subject of Texas, which was a heathen land, surely not about Houston, the "signs of the times" so well expressed, all fully as any paragraph in old Virginia as in young Texas at this present writing.  
The verses you will kindly publish by request, and this grateful oblation of a friend of Texas and the Houston Post, C. A. R.

**Explaining a Joke is a dreary business.**

We will merely say to our correspondent that if he has conceived that our paragraph's flings at Texas have been dictated by animosity or any feeling inconsistent with the spirit of "the

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Christmas holiday," he has missed the point of them. Indeed, Texas and Houston have no better friends in these parts than ourselves. Further, if our correspondent has followed our Houston contemporary's clever and amusing railway at the expense of Virginia, Richmond and the Times-Dispatch, it is curious that he has not perceived that the Post thoroughly understands the spirit of our pleasantness, that it is amply able to take care of itself, and that it has invariably given us back as good as we sent.  
We do not reprint the poem our correspondent incloses, partly because of lack of space, and partly because it has already been reprinted in a Richmond newspaper.—Editor.

Richmond is enjoying the most magnificent deer-hunting season she has had in many years, and the least murderous. Not a single guide has been shot on her spacious streets this autumn.

As we understand it, the Taft Boom did not greatly object to being tackled behind the interference for a ten-year loss, but does feel some surprise at getting a kick in the face from the captain of its own team.

We appear to have good reasons for asserting that since John Temple was such a poor fit that showed panic customers will doubtless go back to the ready-made kind.

A St. Louis paper asserts that it was "a made-to-order panic." However, it was such a poor fit that showed panic customers will doubtless go back to the ready-made kind.

Carrie Nation declares that she would never kiss a man who chews tobacco. However, she, being of the gold market has yet been reported.

Pedestrian Weston, who will have to get to Chicago very soon now even if he crawls, commands the heartfelt sympathy of his New York friends.

No man has a right to throw a chest in this country until he has been publicly accused of hoarding \$100,000,000 worth of government bonds.

"New York is building a \$200,000,000 water-plant," notes the Nashville American. Wall Street has not reformed yet, by any means.

Mr. Roosevelt appears to be in that rather uncomfortable situation in which a man is finding out who are his real friends.

Nor was there ever a steam radiator which could not shoot out vast quantities of heat on an exceptionally sultry day.

Scientists may some day come to classify the murderer who is sane, and admit it, with the long-vanished doo bird.

Those who like to do their Christmas shopping six weeks in advance will now have to wait till next year.

It is not true now that "anybody can beat Roosevelt," but later it may be true that most anybody can.

You can appraise an unwritten-law trial by the length of the hypothetical question.

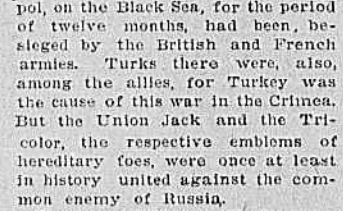
Cannot Alfonso say something in gentle rebuke of Portugal's revolting ways?

How can you bond a canal which isn't there, anyway?

**Famous Words of Famous Men.**

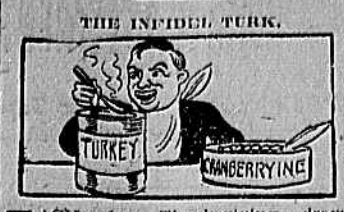
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"Here I Am and Here I Will Stay."—Gen. MacMAHON in the Malakhoff, Sebastopol, Sept. 8, 1855.



"There's going to be hard work to-day, sir," said a camp follower to William Howard Russell, the war correspondent of the London Times, on the morning of September 8, 1855.  
"The boys expect to be in Sebastopol for dinner, they say, but," continued the camp follower, "it's little some of them will be wanting."  
The Russian seaport of Sebastopol, on the Black Sea, for the period of twelve months, had been besieged by the British and French armies. Turks there were, also, among the allies, for Turkey was the cause of this war in the Crimea. But the Union Jack and the Tri-color, the respective emblems of hereditary foes, were once at least in history united against the common enemy of Russia.  
The loss of life to all the combatants in this memorable siege had been appalling, and by September 1, 1855, it was determined by the British and French commanders to make a desperate effort to capture the stronghold and end the slaughter.  
A key to the Russian defenses was the fortress, known in history as the Malakhoff. The original structure was a small stone tower, built as a mere caprice by a private citizen, and the Russian engineer, Todleben, around this insignificant nucleus had developed a formidable addition to the Russian works, with enormous parapets, and shelter caves and traverses without number.  
"There was one mistake," said Russell, "it was closed at the gorge."  
To the French wing of the allied assaults on that fateful day of September 8, 1855, was committed the task of capturing that portion of the Russian intrenchments which

**Rhymes for To-Day**



**E**ACH day Thanksgiving draws more night.  
And as I ponder o'er my job,  
A bitter tear bedims my eye,  
My larynx gives a sob.  
For I've been to the turkey mart,  
And conned the price list there,  
And I have such a bursting heart,  
As gushes scarce can bear.  
Who fails to make his both ends meet  
And furtive from the sheriff flees—  
How can such hope sweet turn to eat,  
At figures such as these?  
Yet all alternatives—ah, me!  
Must crowd my bosom with distress,  
How can a party thankful be,  
And yet be turkeyless?  
But stay! A ray of hope is seen!  
My cerebellum yields a plan:  
I'll sautee me with cranberry,  
And turn me from a can!  
I. S. H.

**MERELY JOKING.**

**Crematorium.**  
There is a Western politician, now serving his State in the halls of Congress, who is well known for his disinclination to admit that he is ill, as well as for his eloquently method of expression.  
His friend asked after the great man's health.  
"Thomas," said the conservative Representative, "I am not ill. I was worse than I now am."—Lippincott's.  
**Like the Wireless.**  
At the close of their usual dinner-time argument Mr. Johnson looked at his wife admiringly. "My dear," he said, "your mind resembles the wireless telegraph apparatus which they use in the navy."  
"Why not?" she asked. "I mean because it catches subtle flashes from the surrounding ether."  
"No, my dear," because it is often completely at sea."—Youth's Companion.  
**An Unfortunate Loan.**  
"Lend my dear Mack. Not on your life!" replied Chief Clerk Mable, of the transportation department of the Southern Pacific. "I can't get it in the neck the way Corrigan did."  
"What happened to Corrigan?"  
"Well, two years ago a fellow whom he knew slightly borrowed a Corrigan's dress suit to go to a dance. Next thing Corrigan heard was that the fellow had dropped dead of a heart attack. The undertaker had picked it out because it was the only dark suit in the fellow's wardrobe. Corrigan was so shocked that he died. I was his first and last dress suit. He vowed he'd never get another."—San Francisco Chronicle.

**THE IRREVERENT PARAGRAPHERS.**

W don't mind promising the President our hearty and most vigorous assistance in his endeavor to abolish the mottoes on comic valentines next February.—Washington Herald.

An Alabamian believes he has struck gold in quartz picked up where he was digging a cellar under a country store. At any rate there will be gold in a quartz mine anywhere in Alabama after January 1, 1909.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Oklahoma didn't "walk right in." She crept in, and she carried a blind tiger.—Atlanta Constitution.

Prof. Oscar Trigg will have to do something to match the reputation of a Michigan professor who wants to elect Roosevelt king. Trigg will probably suggest the election of Hamilton Lewis as dictator.—Houston Post.

A Southern girl, who had been engaged to thirty-one men, was married at last, the young man on the last lap.—Cleveland Leader.

It is tacitly agreed that this week's elections decided nothing that will not have to be decided again.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Pity poor Wall Street! Unable to trust any longer in stocks, bonds, banks, or trust companies, it has decided to decide to let it rest in God.—New York Evening Post.

**State Supreme Court.**

Proceedings in the Supreme Court of Appeals were continued. Argued by F. S. Kirkpatrick for the appellants, and C. E. Caskie for the appellees, and submitted.

Taylor, receiver, vs. Sutherland-Meade Tobacco Co. et al. Partly argued by R. F. Scott for appellants; Taylor, receiver, and C. E. Caskie for the city of Lynchburg, one of the appellees, and continued.

Next cases to be called: Knights of Columbus v. Burroughs & Co.; Southern Railway Co. v. Hanabrough's administratrix; Smith's estate v. Burroughs & Co.; and Western Railway Co. v. Rochester German Insurance Co. Monumental Savings Association of Baltimore, Md., and Adams Trustee, et al. v. Adams Trustee, et al. being Nos. 7 to 12 inclusive on argument docket.

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Verdicts and judgments for the defendants were entered in the following cases: The R. A. Patterson Tobacco Company against the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Company; R. I. Allen, et al. vs. the Company against the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad Company.

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**Chancery Court.**

Waller in contest suit ended, with verdict of jury for defendant.

**Hustings Court.**

Owing to the illness of Judge Witt Judge Ingram opened court, but minor cases on docket were continued.

**Heavy European Travel.**

Mr. Samuel H. Bowman, steamship and tourist agent, received instructions yesterday to stop booking for the season on the following steamers: Hamburg-American Line Steamship Kaiserin Augusta, 24th; Hamburg-American Line Steamship Kaiser Wilhelm II, November 24th; Steamship Seydlitz, November 27th; Hamburg-American Line Steamship Kaiser Wilhelm II, November 28th; White Star Line Steamship Romanic, December 5th, all having been booked full. These steamers carry from 1,500 to 2,500 passengers on each.

**Organizer Here.**

George R. French, an organizer of the Cigar-makers' International Union of America, whose headquarters are in Louisville, Ky., is in the city for a few days on the way home from the convention of the American Federation of Labor at Norfolk. Arrangements are being made to have Mr. French address the local cigar-makers at the regular meeting on Saturday night.

**Slightly Improved.**

The condition of Mr. George E. Gregory, who is sick at the residence of his uncle, Major Oway S. Allen, is slightly improved.

**EXPERTS WILL SEEK CAUSE OF ACCIDENT**

Collapse of Feeder Wall to Be Investigated by City by Disinterested Parties.

**BOLLING MAKES STATEMENT**

At a meeting held yesterday afternoon three members of the Council Committee on Water were authorized to employ experts to ascertain the cause of the damage to the settling basin of Sunday, when 200 feet of the sixteen-foot feeder wall were swept away by an unusual rush of the James River. The damage is estimated by Superintendent Bolling at \$6,500. The structure can be rebuilt before the completion of the flume connected with the settling basin, and the accident, therefore, will not interfere with the plans for securing an abundant supply of clear water.  
Superintendent Bolling frankly admitted to the committee that he was unable at the moment to determine just what could be assigned as the cause of the disaster.  
To Secure Experts.  
"I am willing to give the benefit of my knowledge and experience," he said, "but I think it advisable to employ experts to find out whether it was due to faulty construction on the part of the contractors or to defect in the plans. In the event of the latter, then the blame will rest directly upon me and my office. If the plans and specifications were right, then it would seem that the contractors are responsible."  
Carrying out this idea, Chairman John Mann, Jr. Mr. W. Fred Richardson and Mr. J. A. Barber, Jr. were appointed a subcommittee to engage the services of disinterested experts, not only to find out why the wall collapsed, but also to ascertain if the rest of the basin was properly constructed. At all events, the work of rebuilding will not be delayed.

**Section Collapsed Before.**

Assistant Inspector Russell called to mind the fact that while the wall was being constructed in February, 1905, a stretch of it sixty feet long was washed away. Mr. Bolling was of the opinion that an examination of the feeder wall now standing might disclose the cause of the accident of Sunday morning, but in view of an inspection by experts he did not care to speak with authority.  
The wall was built by Winston & Co. A representative of the firm said that the fact that while the wall was being constructed in February, 1905, a stretch of it sixty feet long was washed away. Mr. Bolling was of the opinion that an examination of the feeder wall now standing might disclose the cause of the accident of Sunday morning, but in view of an inspection by experts he did not care to speak with authority.  
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**Daily Court Record**

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**A FACT ABOUT THE "BLUES"**

What is known as the "Blues" is seldom occasioned by actual existing external conditions, but in the great majority of cases by a disordered liver.

**THIS IS A FACT WHICH MAY BE DEMONSTRATED BY TRYING A COURSE OF**

**Tutt's Pills**

They control and regulate the LIVER. They bring bold and buoyancy to the mind. They bring health and elasticity to the body.

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"Where the shoe pinches" is where you want more room. The Packard lasts have the room in the right place, that makes the shoe fit. Made of only the best materials. That makes the shoe wear. To fit and wear add the distinctive Packard style and you have a perfect shoe. See a pair to-day.  
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**HILLRISE**  
By W. B. MAXWELL.  
Author of "The Ragged Messenger," "The Guarded Flame," Etc.  
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**Chapter IX—Continued.**

"As a guess, forty thousand. Thirty thousand if they are in a hurry to wind up everything."  
Crunden grinned, and then read on again.

"An electric tram service would further open up this charming area and throw it practically into the heart of the town." When he came to this point, old Crunden gave a most scornful grunt. "Trams couldn't get up the hill."

"Why not?" said Dowling. "What is the hill after all? Look here," and he reached for his hat and spread the map across the floor of the room. "Here the bridge. Well, your tram swings round here—up here—up the new road. Say, half a mile—gradient, not more than one in twenty at the worst part. Of course, they could do it."

"Let 'em do it then."  
"But," said Dowling impressively, "you see what this would mean to Sir John and the rest of them—blue ruin!"

"Well, that's their lookout. It won't keep me awake."  
"But the town? How will the town like it now? No restrictions. That's a pill they weren't expecting. It wants some swallowing. Cheap houses—work men's dwellings—anything you choose—all over here—over the Banks Club—right up to Sir John's gates. Of course, it is Sir John who stands to lose worst."

"Sir John's freehold," said Crunden, studying the map. "Is only the ten acres—no more."  
"No; but that's too much to see spoiled forever. It's a pity, you know. Put yourself in his position. Hill House belonged to his father, and his grandfather before him. He has always been cock of the hill, with the best people for his neighbors. Oh, I do say I am sorry for Sir John!"

"Mr. Dowling had been so long on the table that he felt stiff. He stood up, stretched himself, and then, beginning to chuckle, stooped down again.

"I am honestly sorry that Sir John should have this annoyance. It is a pity. Oh, it is a great pity! But," and Mr. Dowling laughed and shook his head, "a year ago my word, it is a rattling fine development scheme. It's something big," and he looked at the plan admiringly. "Something I should like to handle."

"I don't doubt you would."  
"I won't say that a purchaser mightn't burn his fingers. But if all the Hill tenants upon my word, it is hanging to it—a very big profit."

"Houses aren't wanted."  
"They would be," said Dowling with sudden enthusiasm. "Oh, I should be sorry to see it done. But at thirty thousand—at thirty-five, my word, it's a fortune in the city. Forty acres! Where else can one get building ground? This town has gone to sleep for want of room to expand in. All those frontage plots would go off like hot cakes. With luck, one could cover half the town with a back row of houses—money—and have all the rest clear profit—wash one hand with the other."

"Think of the cost of the new roads." "I'd do them bit by bit. Look here. Begin here—at the outside. It can't rise ten times as long as one could. Why the rents of Hill Rise would keep one going."

"Cottages or villas?"  
"Villa-cottages—all under one roof—down here. Then put better class semi-detached above, thirty or forty pounds a year higher up, take the cottages and build one or two decoy houses—just to start people. Oh, the ground would soon be covered for one."

"I wonder if you're right?"  
"They were both poring over the map, with heads together. The old build-up was so deep in thought that he scarcely heard a modest tap or two on the panels of the front door. When the tapping was repeated, he spoke without looking round:

"Come in, if you come in." Mr. Dowling. "I wonder if you are right?"  
"I am sure I am."

It was Dr. Blake, the eminent physician, who entered with a certain dignified shyness, which seemed to indicate that he was about to deliver a lecture. Standing within the threshold, he coughed.

"Miss Vincent?"  
"What about her?" asked old Crunden, still not looking round. "Dr. Blake, no longer shy, but huffy, and assuming his professional consequence, he marched across the room behind Mr. Crunden's back.

Then, at last, Mr. Crunden turned and came towards him.  
"Doctor, I wasn't attending: I was thinking of something else—L. S. D. I am anxious about my girl—very anxious. Don't neglect her case. I mean, don't consider the expense."

"My dear Sir," replied Dr. Blake, "said Dr. Blake, humbly, and opening the door, he went into the next room to find his patient.

Old Crunden waited till he heard Lizzie speaking to her physician, and he softly closed the door, and, leaning his hands in his pockets, stood staring before him as though completely lost in thought.

Mr. Dowling, at the table, was running a graduated rule over the plan.

When fellow-citizens, after the town fashion, told Mr. Crunden he was "very warm," they were much nearer the mark than was usual with them while paying similar compliments. Messrs. Holland and Dowling had, one might indeed say, scored bull's-eyes when they said that Crunden was rich without show; his money paid and yet liquid—safely put by, yet easy to get at.

Old Crunden loved his garnered hoard; not as a miser, for love of the hoard itself, but because it represented his life's work. There was honest pride in the thought of it. He was a builder by instinct and by habit, and he might think of his fortune as the unseen monument that he had slowly built up. All his toil had gone to the building of it. Money, too, is power. Here all his energy was stored—his life's energy converted into another form. It was latent energy, but at any moment he could release it and use it. This is the power that lay in me, Dick Crunden."